



THE DEAF MUSICIAN.

I SEE a lark in the far summer sky,
My darling seated at her harp I see,
Playing the while our little children sing.
The world is full of music—not for me!

I dreamed last night of some dim abbey choir;
The lights were burning where the singers stood
Chanting my anthem. I crouched in the dark,
Weeping for joy to hear they called it good.

O music of my sleep, that mocks my soul
With cruel joys that are fulfilled no more
Than his who dreams of light and love at home,
And wakes to find himself on Arctic shore!

It haunts me always through my silent days
With life before me like a closed gate,
If God had only bidden me to die,
Or anything but this hard work—to wait.

To wait and work, and know my work but as
Some poor fond mother from her infant left,
Shuts the sweet memory safe from change and time,
And dreams to find her boy the babe she left!

And yet there is a thought will sometimes creep—
It even mingled in my dream last night—
I'd rather make my music in the dark
Than only stand and sing it in the light!

Maybe the dream is nearer truth than sound,
And could I hear my tune mine eyes might miss
Some of the sweetness soaring in my soul.
Better go wanting that and having this!

And there are songs in heaven. God forgive
A poor deaf man for wondering what they are,
Perchance it is their echo that I catch,
And I shall hear those songs sweeter far!

—Good Words.

YACOB AND HIS DONKEY.

YACOB was the name of an Arab boy in the Oriental city of Cairo. He was poor, and, like most of the poor boys of that city, his chief ambition was to own a donkey and hire him out to the travelers to go to the pyramids and other places of interest in the neighborhood of Cairo. As it was, he was only the driver of another man's donkey; that is, when the animal was mounted by the traveler, he ran behind, poking the quadruped with a sharp stick to keep him in a brisk trot.

One day, while Yacob was standing in front of Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, wishing he had a donkey of his own, an English traveler on the veranda beckoned to him and asked him why he looked so wistful, and Yacob answered that he was unhappy because he had no donkey.

And when the Englishman heard his story, he called his servant and told him to bring up manfish, which was an old sleepy donkey. Then he said to Yacob:

"Would you be happy if you owned that donkey, my lad?"

"Oh, master, I would be happy with any donkey!" said Yacob.

"Then," said the Englishmen, "he is yours—I make him a present to you."

When he said this, the other travelers gathered around, with smiles on their faces, for it appeared that the Englishman was a man much given to making fun. He told Yacob to get on the donkey and ride him up and down in front of the hotel a few times, to show his gait. Yacob got astride of him, and found that he was stiff in the legs and moved slowly, notwithstanding the pokes he gave him with his stick.

"I shall give the donkey a name that will draw custom for you," said the Englishman as the lad rode up to the veranda.

Yacob was much pleased that his benefactor should give the donkey a name, for he had seen some of his companions who hired their donkeys more easily than others, on account of fortunate names given to them by travelers.

"I shall be much glad to call him what my master pleases," said Yacob.

"Then his name shall be lightning," said the Englishmen, and the other travelers laughed.

Yacob did not know what lightning meant, and he continued to call his donkey by that name after the Englishman went away. He did not have much difficulty in hiring his donkey; but when the travelers started on their journey, they told Yacob he was a humbug, and that he had imposed on them with his animal. So that they only kept Lightning for a few minutes, and the same people never hired him twice.

One day, as he led his donkey toward the hotel veranda, after being called a little humbug by an angry traveler, who refused to pay him for hire of an hour, he was spoken to by a fat man in a long black coat, who told him he ought to call his donkey Slow-coach.

After that, Yacob called him Slow-coach, not knowing any more about that name than he did about Lightning. But this change of name, instead of mending matters, made them worse. In short, no one would hire his donkey any more on any condition, and Yacob and Slow-coach were a rueful pair, as they stood idly before the hotel.

One day, as he stood thus, the Prince of Wales came out from the veranda (the Prince was then on his way to the East Indies), mounted Slow-coach, and rode him two or three yards, and then got off and took another donkey. Thereupon Yacob bemoaned his bad luck in hearing of an American sitting on a tilted chair on the veranda.

"Yacob," said the American, "your donkey shall be hired as much as any other, but hereafter his name must be the Prince of Wales."

The American had a certificate drawn up and sworn to before the American Consul in Cairo, to show that the Prince of Wales had, without any doubt, mounted Yacob's donkey; and when the lad wanted to hire the animal to any man, woman or child from England, all he had to do was to show this certificate, and they

straightway engaged him, notwithstanding his moping gait and stiff leggy. They engaged him for whole days, fondled him, and begged Jacob not to poke him up too sharp from behind. They fed him with whatever he would eat, and the only drawback to the donkey's pleasant life was that his tail was plucked a good deal for mementos.

Yacob said, and says still, that the luckiest day of his life was when he was spoken to by the American gentleman on a tilted chair.

A FAMILY JAR.

BY RICHARD G. LINTHICUM.

"WHERE are you off to, now?" asked Mrs. Billings, as her better half donned his overcoat and rubber shoes. "For no good I wager."

"My dear," exclaimed the jovial Billings, (no relation to Josh) "the Spilkins give a grand soiree this evening, and I was requested to attend. You know, the Spilkins reside on Fifth Avenue, and are classed among the 'upper ten,' and it would be exceedingly unsocial for me not to attend."

"And why not I go with you?" inquired Mrs. B.

"Because you wasn't invited, my dear."

"Billings, where is your pluck, where is your moral courage, where is your aristocratic pride?" quoth Mrs. B., indignantly.

"Pluck! Moral courage! Aristocratic pride! Why, my dear, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean, hey? Bradford Wadsworth Billings, would you so disgrace the time-honored name of Billings, as to attend a soiree—"

"Soiree, my dear—"

"Well, it's all the same; would you so disgrace the micennial name of Billings, as to attend a—a—one of them things, without your wife, and especially when she is not invited?"

"But, you see, my dear—"

"Of course I see; what were my eyes made for? I see you are a confounded idiot, and if you don't treat me better, I'll go back home to my ma!" and Mrs. Billings' anger here suddenly melted into tears.

"Now, my darling, don't cry; I have not treated you harshly; I have done nothing to offend you, my dear Minerva; have I, pet?"

"Yes, you have; you have treated me as though I were your inf—inf—"

"Inferior?" asked Billings, coming to her rescue.

"Do you call that treating me right, Billings?"

"My dear, I'll not go to the soiree this evening."

"I knew you wouldn't, my dear," quoth the loving (?) Mrs. Billings.

It may be well to state here that Billings was the "humorous correspondent" to the *Laughing Man's Own*, and many of his spicy articles were taken from incidents in his own household, of which incidents he was frequently and forcibly reminded by a crack from the poker, or a lick from the scrubbing brush, or any other little household implement Mrs. B. could conveniently lay her hands upon.

After deciding he would not attend the soiree, he went to his desk, which occupied one corner of the sitting room; *The Laughing Man's Own*, not paying enough salary to allow him a "study."

"What are you going to do, Braddock?" asked Mrs. B. as her lord (?) began unlocking his desk.

"I am going to write on my new serial."

Now, if there was any thing Mrs. Billings abhorred, it was literature, and Mr. B. was often threatened, his "tarnal nonsense"

would be thrown into the fire; which threat, however, was never carried into execution, for reasons known only to Mrs. B.

"Bradford, will you never stop writing that 'tarnal nonsense? Why don't you write something about a young lady who had two lovers. One was a good man, the other was a bad man. Then have love scenes, thrilling adventures, blood curdling murders, triumphant love, and villainy punished. Grand denouing, etc., etc."

"I tell you what it is, Bradford, I believe I could write a story like that. Dog blame me—"

"Mrs. Billings, do not make a lunatic of yourself. You were just swearing in the sublime, when you very abruptly descended to the ridiculous."

"Lunatic, hey? Bradford Wadsworth Billings, do you stand there and call me a lunatic, with the possession of enough self-confidence in your own superiority to assure you the exclamation is legitimate?" and the ink bottle came in such close proximity to the caput of Billings, that he was obliged to "duck."

"Minerva, I have treated you kindly this evening, and still you are not submissive. I shall be obliged to use force!"

"Force?" shrieked Mrs. B., making "tracks" in the direction of the broomstick.

The scene that followed is almost indescribable.

Dish-pans, flat-irons, pokers, stove-lids, and other small available articles, were, for the time being, "monarchs of the air."

Shouts of "police," "murder," "I'll break your neck," "you bow-legged ruffian," and other endearing epithets rent the air.

Mr. Billings did not write any more on his serial that night, and when the shoemaker presented his bill in the morning, Mr. Billings was unable to see him; having, in the language of his spouse fallen out of the second story window, and considerably damaged his personal appearance.

The damage was slight, being as follows:

One black eye.

One closed for repairs.

One swelled le—pedal extremity.

One cut head.

One cheek done up *a la wild cat*, and others too numerous to mention.

Mr. Billings will call his next serial "Family Broils; or, the Tyrant's Wife."

We wish him success.

AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

THE following from the *Manitowoc Journal*, a German paper, relates to a visit which Mr. Woodbury made to a mute employed in that office, and who is now a student at the Institution. Fearing that Mr. Woodbury may not understand German, we engaged our translator to give in English, with the following result:

An interesting conversation, of which we could understand but little, took place at the end of last week in the office of the *Journal*, between a deaf-mute and Mr. A. J. Woodbury, one of the officers of the Institution for the deaf and dumb in Delavan. We tried to unravel the misty thread of the lingo, but could not even catch it on account of the many snarls winding in it in serpentlike forms. How beautiful, we thought, it would be for married men if all curtain lectures were given in this language. In the dark not a word of it could be caught, and in the day you could most delightfully go to sleep over them.

THE Great Unknown turns out to be the business man who doesn't advertise.

GARDEN CITY.

Mrs. STEWART and Judge Hilton visited Garden City on Monday morning, April 18th taking a drive about the place and also visiting the village of Hempstead, returning to the city by the 1 P. M. train. They expressed themselves as much pleased with the appearance of Garden City and the marked improvements which had been made under the active superintendence of Mr. Hinsdale. Arrangements were perfected for much more extensive additions to the attractions. Church is a free pew-house. A Church edifice is soon to be built on the triangular plot of ground which faces on the avenue running north from the residence of the late John Kellum, and overlooks what used to be known as Cherry Valley. This plot contains about 10 or 12 acres, and in it the remains of Mr. Stewart are to be placed and an Episcopal church erected as a memorial edifice to the memory of Mr. Stewart. Operations on this are to be immediately commenced. A suitable building is also to be erected for a private school. Arrangements were also perfected looking to the immediate erection of some fifty new dwelling-houses of various designs; some of them double houses to accommodate the mechanics who will be brought here as workmen in the railroad company's machine shops which are immediately to be erected on the easterly part of Garden City. The estate of Mr. Stewart has contracted with the railroad company to lease to them a plat of ground of some ten acres in extent east of the Long Island branch track and near the first avenue south of the Fair Grounds, and to erect thereon suitable buildings for the machine and repair shops of the Company, and the shops of the three roads are in future to be located at Garden City, the lease being for forty-seven years, and dated so as to expire at the same time that the lease of the Central Railroad expires. The consolidation of all the machine and their removal to so central a place, and so easy of access as Garden City, (the connection of the Central and Southern Railroads having been positively determined upon) will be a great saving to the railroad companies and their location in this section will bring to Garden City and Hempstead a large number of new residents, and thus prove a mutual benefit to the railroad company and the place in which their shops are located. The coming summer bids fair to be the busiest which the ever active Garden City has as yet witnessed.

THE PRINTER.

THE following extract from the pen of B. F. Taylor, once a "printer at the case," is true to life, and is beautifully said:

The printer is the adjutant of thought; and this explains the mysteries of the wonderful word that can kindle a home as no song can—that can warm a heart as no hope—that word "we," with a hand-in-hand warmth in it, for the author and the printer are engines together. Engineers indeed! When the little Corsican bombarded Cadiz at a distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that paltry range to this, whereby they bombard the ages yet to be?

There he stands at the case and marshals into line the forces armed with truth, clothed in immortality and English. And what can be more noble than the equipment of a thought in sterling Saxon—Saxon with the ring of spear or shield therein, and that commissioning it when we are dead, to move on to "the last syllable of recorded time?" This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it.

The printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs is toil. Oh? it is not work, but a sublime rite he is performing, when he thus "sighs" the engine that is to fling a worded truth in grander

curve than missives ever before described—flings it into the bosom of an age unborn. He throws off his coat indeed; but we wonder the rather that he does not put his shoes from off his feet, for the place whereon he stands is holy ground.

A little song was uttered somewhere long ago; it wandered to the twilight feebler than a star; it died upon the ear; but the printer takes it up where it was lying there in the silence like a wounded bird, and he sends it forth from the ark, that had preserved it, and it flies into the future with the olive-branch of peace, and around the world with melody, like the dawning of a spring morning.

A BARBAROUS INDIAN CUSTOM.

THE Austin, Nevada, *Reveille*, of April 28, says: "Two days ago a squaw died out at Yankee Blade, and the Indians buried her and her infant together, without taking the trouble to make a corpse of the latter. It is a custom of the Piutes and Shoshones to bury a dead mother and living child together when the latter is too young to help itself. In this instance they dug a hole, threw the woman into it and laid the infant on her breast, covering them over with brush. In explanation of their conduct one of them said: "Baby no good; no got milk; bimeby heap cry; die pooty soon anyhow." It would be an impossibility to convince an Indian that he is doing wrong by thus abandoning a helpless infant as a prey to the coyotes and carrion birds; it was the custom of his fathers, and he can see no wrong in it. A white man does not like to interfere in such a case, for to try and rear the child would be a hopeless task, and no white man would feel justified in dashing its brains out with a stone. Besides, the Indians would feel greatly aggrieved at any interference with their usage."

It is drawing it very mildly to say that "a white man does not like to interfere in such a case." We once heard tell of a Frenchman who would not save a drowning man because he had not been introduced to him. The Nevada "white man" must be of the same order, if his senses of delicacy will not allow him to interfere to prevent a child from being buried alive.

CENTENNIAL CHRISTIAN HOMES.

THE great number of visitors in Philadelphia, during the Centennial Exhibition, necessitates the opening of private houses for board and lodging. Many Christian families, who are unwilling to open their doors to a promiscuous public, have arranged a plan by which they give admission to Christians and their friends. This will be equally pleasant to Christian people abroad who may not wish to be associated with the great variety of characters brought together in hotels and public boarding-houses.

In order to have this select class the price of board is generally much lower than prevails by other arrangements, varying from \$5 to \$12 a week, and from \$1 to \$2.50 per day. Each family fixes its own price and receives its pay direct from its guest. Those wishing to secure places under this arrangement will write as long before-hand as possible to the

Office for Centennial Christian Homes,

Care of Rev. Edwin M. Long,

S. E. Corner 12th and Berks Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

A WAG, upon visiting a medical museum, was shown dwarfs and specimens of mortality all preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

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WASHINGTON, JUNE 1, 1876.

We call the attention of the readers to the advertisement for boarding at the Centennial Exhibition at satisfactory rates. Those who wish a quiet home, and to avoid such crowds generally at public hotels, can congratulate themselves on the possession of such desirable places. Those contemplating on going there will please address as early as possible, Office for Centennial Christian Homes, S. E. corner 12th and Berks streets, Philadelphia, Pa. Care of Rev. Edwin M. Long.

SHALL OUR SUPERANNUATED TEACHERS RECEIVE PENSIONS?

A good idea has struck me to the effect that the Board of Directors of every Institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb in the State should introduce, by one way or the other, a measure providing for the establishment of a system of pensions for our superannuated teachers in the deaf and dumb institutions and also set aside a fund from which such male teachers as have served in the institution for an aggregate period of thirty years, or female teachers (if still single) who have served some twenty-five years, shall, on retiring, from service, receive an annual pension amounting to not less than one-third of the salary they received during the last year of service.

The justice of this measure will, I believe, be generally conceded. No class of public servants serve in the State more efficiently, or for a smaller compensation in comparison with the service rendered and the amount of preparation required for its performance than our deaf-mute teachers. There is no lucrative post within their sphere to excite their ambition or promise them a tempting pecuniary reward for the arduous labor of a life-time.

They have no opportunity to make a provision for the period when they will be no longer to control and discipline the young Philistines, successive generations of whom have drained away their nervous force and their meagre salary will not permit them to put away a sum sufficient for their support in old age.

If universal humanity recognizes the fitness of pensioning the sailors and soldiers who have devoted their lives to the defence of their country, no one can gainsay the equal propriety of providing a retiring fund for those who spent themselves in more arduous labor in the education of the deaf and dumb. But apart from the abstract justice of the proposition, it should at once be recognized and approved as dictated by considerations of the soundest policy.

It is universally acknowledged that experience is one of the most valuable factors in education. When teachers are ill paid and the position is looked upon as a mere stepping stone to some-

thing higher, education necessarily languishes, for the teachers have no interest in their pupils and no enthusiasm for their work. Everything that tends to attach competent and conscientious men and women to this high vocation is a gain to the State; and a better plan could scarcely be devised than this of rewarding long service with a life-pension.

I say this, not to waste space in empty laudation, but because the measure will be a "memorable" one and the decision which has not yet been reached, will long be remembered as the most important step ever taken up, and the father of the introduction is a man upon whom the chief honor must finally rest for its final inauguration and to him a day of signal victory; and when the full fruition of this point is harvested, I trust the chronicler who shall then indite editorials in the deaf-mute organs, may remember in a fitting way, the disinterested and successful labors of the father.

It is hoped that the friends of education will unite in behalf of this proposition and use all the influence at their disposal to ensure its establishment.

LYTTON BULWER.

Brooklyn, May 18, 1876.

THE LATE JAMES G. GEORGE.

DIED, in the fiftieth year of his age, at this Institution, on Tuesday, May 2nd, 1806, James G. George, of a cancerous tumor in the stomach.

While Mr. George's death will be deeply regretted by his wide circle of friends and acquaintances, its announcement will occasion little or no surprise; since it is quite generally known that he had been a great sufferer for months past, often apparently at the point of death, from an incurable disease. He was himself aware of his condition, and fully prepared for the result; and while perfectly resigned to the will of God, he bore up bravely to the last, hoping against hope to the end, and fighting heroically, calmly and without a shadow of fear, the last great battle with the King of Terrors. Death finally conquered his frail body, and now holds it a prisoner in his icy grasp, but his spirit, released from the bondage of clay, has found a refuge where suffering and sorrow are unknown, and where death can never come.

The subject of this sketch was in many respects a remarkable man, and now that it has pleased the Lord to call him hence, it is meet that the record of his life and of his many virtues should find a place in the columns of *The Deaf Mute*, the founding and subsequent success of which were almost wholly due to his exertions, and which we hope will long remain an instrument of great usefulness to the afflicted class to which he belonged, and for that reason, a most appropriate monument to his memory.

James Goodloe George was born September 8th, 1826, in Garrard County, Kentucky. He was the third child of James George and Amelia H. Gill, and though one or the other parent was related to nearly all the most prominent and best known families of Central Kentucky,—among them the Owsleys, Boyles, Goodloes, Robertsons, McKees, Rodes, Weisigers and Andersons. His father died in the year 1828, and his mother of cholera in 1833. He suffered a partial loss of hearing from an attack of scarlet fever in 1832, and became totally deaf the year after at the age of seven, but retained some knowledge of speech which subsequent cultivation rendered of great service to him through life. Thus we find him, in his early boyhood, an orphan, deprived of one of his most important senses, and dependent upon the sympathies and charities of the world, until he should reach an age when he must look to his own talents and energies to win support and success in life. Few men have ever started in the race of life at a greater disadvantage, and we may

safely say that few have ever run a straighter course, or developed more through usefulness, or attained to more genuine success. He gained neither wealth, nor fame nor public distinction, yet many are the hearts that will mourn his death in the deepest sincerity, and many the souls delivered out of darkness that will rise up in the great day and bless him as the instrument of their deliverance. What truer success could any wise man hope for than this,—to live a life of incalculable usefulness here on earth, to leave a name beloved and unsullied behind him and die in the assured hope of meeting the rewards which await the faithful hereafter. Such, we rejoice to believe, was the happy lot of our departed friend.

Mr. George entered this Institution in 1839, at the age of thirteen, where he soon developed talents of a high order as a pupil, and where he enjoyed the personal instruction of the late John A. Jacobs, Sen., then Principal of the Institution, who was swift to discern the superior qualities of his pupil and who brought to bear all his intense zeal and mastery skill in moulding them into forms calculated for sure and lasting usefulness. He was also careful to teach him to look heavenward for guidance and support, to trust it in the God of Israel alone as a safe refuge, and in his word as the only true light vouchsafed to the benighted soul of man. That these instructions, bestowed long since, were, like "bread cast upon the waters," not lost, the life and death of their recipient has amply proved to us; and now, that teacher and pupil are once more united on the shores of eternity, how grand must their significance appear in the light of that land where they both now, "rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Mr. George left this Institution in 1843 and went to Frankfort, Ky., where he learned the printer's trade with Colonel A. G. Hodges, for many years editor of the Frankfort *Commonwealth*, a man well known all over Kentucky, and still living respected and honored throughout the State. As a printer, Mr. George made himself thoroughly proficient in every portion of the art. He was considered one of the best proof-readers in the State, and for this work, so essential in a good printer, his deafness was rather an advantage to him than otherwise. In 1851 he was married to Miss Louisa Webster, of Richmond, Ky. She was also a deaf-mute educated at this Institution, and one of the most intelligent and lovely girls, according to the testimony of her teachers, that ever left the Institution. The pair were admirably suited to each other, and their married life, brief though it was, was doubtless as happy as ever falls to the lot of the sons and daughters of earth. From his position in the Frankfort printing office, Mr. George was called in 1854 to a higher field in the Missouri Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, then recently established at Fulton, Calloway County. As to the character of his labors there, there is but one testimony—that of unqualified approval. The trustees, superintendents, teachers and pupils all unite in pronouncing him a most successful instructor of deaf-mutes, and yet his feeble health compelled him to resign his position in 1869. His wife having died in 1856, he was left a widower with an infant son to care for, and came to Richmond, Ky., where he became proprietor of and edited the *Richmond Messenger*. The great civil war between the Government and the Southern States beginning in 1861, Mr. George, who possessed no elements whatever of neutrality in his nature, boldly espoused the cause of the Union; and while his former friends and neighbors on the one side trembled for his life and cautioned him of his danger, and on the other openly denounced and threatened him, he stood unmoved at his post upholding the cause he had chosen with his pen, and defiantly unfurling its banner over his office until the tide of war swept over him and left his entire establishment in ruins. This occurred in 1862. He then retired to Louisville, and was appointed chief clerk in the provost marshal's

office in that city. At the close of the war he obtained a position as book-keeper in the establishment of Hogan Bros., of Louisville. In 1868 he purchased some land near St. Joseph, Missouri, and tried farming for a time, but returned to Kentucky in 1870, and was appointed a teacher in this Institution in 1871. Here he continued to labor, with that success which attended him in every work which he undertook, until his disease had gained such hold on his system, at the beginning of the present session, as to compel him to give up work entirely, and to finally bring him down to the grave.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of Mr. George's character except as it has appeared in the history of his life. He had his faults, and who has not? But he also had his afflictions, Heaven knows to which most of the former must in justice be attributed. His distinguishing characteristic was unswerving adherence to principle. He would cheerfully have died for his faith, whatever it might have been, and anchored as he was fast by the truths of the Bible, no terrors, nor tortures of flesh could ever have shaken him. He was constituted, as his pastor remarked, in his funeral sermon, "of that stuff martyrs were made of." His stern adherence to principle made him faithful and upright in the discharge of every duty. He was thoroughly systematic in everything he did. His school-room, office, private room, books, clothing, and everything he controlled or touched were models of order and neatness. As a teacher of deaf-mutes he possessed peculiar qualifications. His facility in the use of the sign-language was marvellous. He was a natural mimic and a most graphic pantomimist. He possessed a mind of wonderful perspicacity whose thoughts expressed in signs flowed easily and fell crisp and sparkling with intelligence upon the minds of his pupils. There was nothing doubtful or obscure in his composition. His character was in all respects pronounced, decided, emphatic.

Above all things Mr. George was a thorough, devoted conscientious believer in God and His Son Jesus Christ. His was not mere profession, but he lived in daily communion with his Saviour, and though, as he himself said, often wandering far astray, he yet knew and loved his master always, and when he came to die that loving master knew and owned his disciple and gave him such a triumphant victory as is seldom witnessed even among those who profess themselves the children of the living God.—*Kentucky Deaf-Mute*.

TRIBUTE TO A FAITHFUL TEACHER.

WILLIAM LARNED MACY BREG entered the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, then located on Fifthtieth street, in the building now known as Columbia College, in the year 1847 and graduated with high honors after ten years, schooling. While at school he bore a most excellent character. Notwithstanding the fact of his being a deaf-mute from birth, he not only excelled in English studies and mathematics but in athletic sports. While in the High Class he won several prizes for excellence in English language, mathematics, and physical science. On graduating from school he was appointed a teacher in the year 1855-'56. After a short duration of teaching there he accepted an offer from the authorities of the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, for the same capacity, which was then in its infancy. He has proved himself a good pioneer teacher.

In the year 1857 the Legislature appropriated a fund necessary for the construction of the wings and main buildings and on the 15th July of the same year a corner stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies in which Mr. Breg prominently participated.

He died leaving an intelligent deaf-mute wife with four children on the 9th of May last.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

THE following resolutions have been adopted by the Principal, teachers and other officers of the Michigan Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Allwise Father in disposition of His Divine Providence to remove from our midst our valuable fellow laborer and whole-souled friend WILLIAM L. M. BREG, and

WHEREAS, This State Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb owes in a great measure its early success to his energy, industry and indomitable preserverance, qualifications which admirably fitted him for the profession which he so well filled for more than twenty years; therefore

Resolved, That we deeply lament our own inevitable loss, and most earnestly tender our sympathies to the sorrow-stricken widow and fatherless children in their great affliction. May they find much consolation in the contemplation of his purity of life, rigid integrity and manliness of character.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented, to the family of the deceased, and a copy be sent to each of the city papers; the *Deaf-Mute Mirror*, *Advance*, *Journal*, *SILENT WORLD*, and the *Chronicle*.

PERSONAL.

WE would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old school-mate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which may be of interest.

A PRIVATE letter was received from our good friend Gilbert Hicks, a member of the firm of Isaac Hicks & Sons, Westbury Nurseries, saying that they furnished several hundred evergreen trees of different kinds and shade trees this spring to Garden City, L. I., lately founded by the late merchant-prince A. T. Stewart. The following article from Greenport (L. I.) *Watchman*:

"Isaac Hicks & sons, proprietors of the nursery at Old Westbury, Queens county, and among successful tree growers of the country, have offered to the Suffolk County Agricultural Society, through the Secretary, Nat. W. Foster, 40 evergreen and 40 deciduous trees, with several varieties of shrubbery, on condition that they be set out on the Fair grounds according to the directions laid down in their catalogue, they being allowed to place a board at the base of each tree to denote what nursery they came from. This fair and generous offer will be accepted, with the thanks of the society."

May we wish them good success. Catalogues can be obtained by addressing Isaac Hicks and Sons old Westbury, N. Y.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

MICHIGAN.

THE big exhibition at the close of the term is expected to be a fine affair at this Institute, on the 7th proximo and next day will commence the expected vacation. There are a dozen graduates this term as follows: Messrs. John Blair, George Tolles, W. F. White, A. Henry, E. Drinkwine, E. H. K. Ernst, L. H. Bushel and Lars M. Larson and Misses. A. F. Hunnell, A. Bishop M. Stillwell, and M. Johnson. The two last named gentlemen are expected to go to the National Deaf-Mute College this fall.

Many graduates from within this healthy State are invited to meet in convention at this Institution immediately after the close of school. Messrs. James A. Dudley, who was the first graduate here; L. H. Bushel and the correspondent of this paper (*SILENT WORLD*) are appointed Committee to superintend the matter.

Last April Rev. A. L. Chapin, the president of Beloit College, who was formerly a teacher at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was reappointed a trustee of this Institution for another term of three years by our strict governor. And Hon. S. S. Labor, our respected citizen, was appointed to take the place of Col. A. H. Blood for the same term. On the 3rd instant our Board, at a regular annual meeting at this Institution, elected a President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and the executive Committee for the ensuing term. This resulted in a final vote that Rev. A. L. Chapin be elected president; Hon. S. R. Labor, a new trustee was elected Secretary and one of the executive Committee; Hon. J. E. Thomas was re-elected Treasurer and W. Isham Esq., was re-elected to the Executive Committee. Hon. Jos. Hamilton was re-elected Secretary, but declined. The two former are the Republicans and the three latter Democrats.

Katie, daughter of our principal is visiting her relatives and friends in Illinois. Among them are her sisters one of whom is a teacher of Music at the Blind Institution, at Jacksonville, Illinois.

Miss M. Smith left here last April for Winstead, Conn., to attend the funeral of her mother who died lately at the residence of her son-in-law.

While Mr. E. C. Stone was on his trip to Washington, our expectation was that he would visit here, because he had been formerly principal of this Institution, but alas! we were disappointed and now we wish him to come here before the coming June.

Delavan, Wisconsin, May 16th 1876.

L. M. L.

COLLEGE RECORD.

DIED, for the cause of science Tad P. Oie, aged two months.

ASTORIA obtained a high score over Kendall in a recent game.

BYRANT, of the Preps, has been elected Captain of the K. B. B. C.

GEORGE, '76, returned on the 14th instant, and has resumed his studies.

KENDALL vs. West End, 23 to 6; Kendall, 8 innings, West End, 9 innings.

Professor: Who was Charles V? *Sophomore*: The eldest son of Martin Luther.

MATCH GAMES, with a bribed umpire, are like a pitcher, with the handle all on one side.

THE SUPERINTENDENT of the Texas Institution gave us a short visit Friday the 12th ult.

THE fashionable question: Going to the Centennial? The fashionable reply: Assuredly, by all means.

MICHAELS, '79, has gone home. But he is coming back next fall and will bring back a whole arm, we trust.

SEVERAL students with a party of young ladies from the city had a picnic in Kendall Green woods, Saturday May 13.

J. C. DARGAN, from South Carolina, and formerly connected with the College, is here again. We are told he intends to follow a selected course.

ONE of the students, whom we will call "Buck," has secured a whole family of pollywags and is now deep in the interesting science of apdology.

A DEFEAT, a broken arm, and a hair-breadths escape from being run over by the cars, are the consequences of not having a good base-ball ground of our own.

SIGN OF THE TIMES,—people passing the laboratory with their handkerchiefs to their nose, and a "phew" on their lips. Cause,—fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen wafted by the gentle zephyr thro' the College Hall.

WHILE passing the Pennsylvania Central Depot, and while pondering over the probabilities of getting a new telescope before Jupiter indulged in another flirtation with Venus, our fellow-brother Yarg saw lying on the sidewalk a railroad ticket. What a discovery! Planting his foot enthusiastically on it, he paused, drew forth his 'kerchief to wipe the honest sweat from his brow—and to see if a policeman was near at hand. A policeman would be sure to know who was the rightful owner of that ticket. Alas! the coast was clear. A quick motion, a rapid glance, and it was safe in Yarg's pocket. Why gleams his eye with such joy! Ah, that glance, swift as it was, read: "One first class passage,—Round trip to the Centennial." Visions of marvelous sights and strange people flitted through his head as he hurried home. Before locking it up, he read those happy words once more: "Round trip to the Centennial, on foot or in a balloon." Yarg got a spyglass, studied the lunar sphere for half an hour, lectured to his room-mate on the degradation of this world, took a cold bath, kicked over several chairs, and then went to bed.

THAT rumor to the effect that W. of '77 has been dismissed from the College is a "ghostly story," and we anxiously wait for its final climax. W. is still chewing College *bitter-sweets*, and expects to do so for some time yet.

JUST after Presentation Day, one of the students, a fat boy, wishing some papers with the report of the exercises, secured several, but not having enough, entered Shillington's news depot, held up his papers to show what was wanted. The clerk mistook him for a news boy, and was helping him to the door when matters came to a happy conclusion.

MANHATTAN (colored) vs. Kendall, 39 to 14.

The game was played on a field below Kendall Green, near the B. & O. R. R. track, Thursday the 11 inst. With the track on one side and a rather deep ditch on the other, the ground presented several disadvantages, and more so, since the Manhattans are herculean batters. At the close of the second inning Kendall scored 4; Manhattan 1. At this point, a sad accident checked the game for a while. Michaels, captain of the Kendalls, in catching a ball, slipped and fell over the above mentioned ditch. The fall dislocated his wrist and broke the bone of his arm, about two inches above the wrist. He was taken to Dr. Lincoln, and had the fracture attended to immediately. This accident changed the entire fortunes of the day. The score of the Manhattans ran quickly up to 39. Kendall held out persistently, but it was of no use. Frisbee worked like a young hero, but to no purpose, the spirit of the players was gone, and how could it be otherwise when the leader was not there?

"Where, where was Roderick then?

One blast upon his bugle-horn,

Were worth a thousand men."

Have courage, boys,—show fight again,—tactic will conquer muscle.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

At Exeter, England, a policeman wanted to arrest a girl, but she preferred the canal to her misery, and jumped. He leaped after to save her, but she clung fast to him, and both were drowned.

They say it is impossible to cheat with one of the transtiles used at the Centennial Exhibition; yet one of the gatekeepers turned in \$50 more than his registering apparatus called for the other evening.

Captain Shaw, Chief of the London Fire Brigade, says it is absolutely necessary, for the safety of the metropolis, to bring up his force to 1,000 men. Ten years ago the insurable value of London was £900,000,000 sterling; it has now risen to £1,440,000,000.

A private fair held in Baltimore recently realized nearly \$40,000 in two days. One gentleman gave \$5,600 for an afghan, and another \$2,000 for an album containing the photographs of the prettiest young ladies in Baltimore. The fair was in aid of a Roman Catholic charity.

Although the camel has the most beautiful eyes of all quadrupeds, it boasts of ugly teeth and a vile temper. Two unsuspecting keepers at the London Christian Palace lately found this out when a dromedary suddenly attacked them, and tore the ankle joint of one of its socket, so that the foot had to be amputated.

Opium eating deranged a young man's mind so much that he fought imaginary foes with his revolver at midnight in his room, at Euston Square London. The frightened inmates of the house ran out into the street, and two constables proceeded to the maniac's room up stairs. "They are mesmerizing me," shouted the madman, and shot the officers, wounding them severely; one, however, struck him a blow with his bludgeon right across the nose and felled him. He was secured with great difficulty.

THE house which Newton occupied, on the south side of Leicester Square, in London, is still standing, and his observatory is shown to visitors. When he took up his residence there, his next-door neighbor was a widow lady, who was much puzzled by the little she had observed of the philosopher. One of the Fellows of the Royal Society of London called upon her one day, when, among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house who, she felt certain, was a poor crazy gentleman, "because," she continued, "he diverts himself in the oddest ways imaginable. Every morning, when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw the window blinds, he takes his seat in front of a tub of soap-suds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap-bubbles through a common clay pipe, and intently watches them till they burst. He is doubtless now at his favorite amusement," she added; "do come and look at him." The gentleman went up-stairs, and, looking through the window into the adjoining yard, recognized Sir. Isaac Newton making his experiments on the refraction of light on thin plates, which is beautifully exhibited upon the surface of a common soap bubble.

One of the rules of Mount Holyoke Seminary forbidding one lady from introducing a gentleman to another lady, was neatly avoided the other day by a Northampton girl, who, when her father came with a trunk to her room while her friend, a Miss Blank, was present, said: "Father, I am sorry I cannot introduce you to my friend, Miss Blank, but the rules forbid it." "Yes," said the father, shaking hands with the young lady, "and I am sorry too."

Dr. R. Southey, in a lecture reported in the *Lancet*, remarks: "Health and longevity are not synonymous; neither are health and great muscularity. The most muscular men, great prize-fighters, men who could fell an ox with their fists, have been known to be always ailing and complaining about themselves. The state of perfect training, regarded by those who know little of it as a condition of most perfect health, is rather one of morbid imminence. Longevity, like height, is a race attribute, but it does not signify health. The three oldest people I ever knew, women who reached respectively eighty-nine, ninety-eight, and a hundred, were valetudinarians, and had been so nearly all their lives."

SPECIAL NOTICE.



A Magnificent Oil Chromo.

"London Bridge" or "Frolics of Childhood,"

will be sent to every one who sends twelve subscribers for THE CHIT CHAT, monthly published for children.

Specimen copies of THE CHIT CHAT may be had for three cents each. Address THE CHIT CHAT, P. O. Box 47, Washington, D. C.

Single subscription per year is TWENTY-FIVE CENTS without picture, and with picture THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

BUTTER POWDER.

SAVES TIME, LABOR AND MONEY.

*Removes all Unpleasant Flavor from Food.***CHURNING MADE EASY,**

AND

**GOOD, FRESH BUTTER ALL THE YEAR
ROUND.**

In hot weather this powder makes Butter much firmer and sweeter than it usually is. Keeps it a much longer time, and will prevent it from becoming rancid. It also removes the strong flavor of Turnips, Wild Garlic, Weeds, Dead Leaves, etc., upon which Cows often feed, and by its use the butter is not only increased in quantity and improved in quality, but also in value, which is fully proved by the many testimonials continually received in its favor, and the great increase in its consumption, both at home and abroad. If one teaspoonful of this Powder, dissolved in a little water, is put into about two gallons of Milk when set aside for the Cream to rise, it will throw up more Cream and keep it sweet a longer time, and if already changed will bring it back to its original sweetness.

TESTIMONIALS.

EAST NOTTINGHAM,
CHESTER Co., Pa.
Dec. 30, 1887.

DEAR SIR: I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellent qualities of your BUTTER POWDER. I find by its use an immense saving of time is effected, the butter is very superior in quality, and the quantity considerably increased, the butter milk is also sweeter, and both retain freshness. In short, I am satisfied that the BUTTER POWDER will very speedily become an indispensable requisite in the production of really good butter and butter milk. Butter made in twenty minutes. I am, dear Sir,

JOHN E. BROWN.

HOPEWELL COTTON WORKS,
CHESTER Co., Pa.,
Jan. 4, 1888.

DEAR SIR: We have used the BUTTER POWDER. Butter was produced from cream in which it was used in twenty minutes, of a sweeter taste and better flavor than that made from the same kind of cream without the Powder, and when used in cream that had become old and rancid, it will restore it to its original sweetness.

Yours truly, S. H. & J. F. DICKEY.

OXFORD, CHESTER Co., Pa.
January 3, 1888.

MESSE. ARMSTRONG & CO.: This is to certify that I have used the BUTTER POWDER. Butter was produced with the Powder in fifteen minutes, of a sweeter taste and better flavor than that produced from cream without the Powder. And when the cream has become sour or rancid, the use of the Powder will restore it to its original sweetness; therefore I do not hesitate to recommend it to all butter makers.

R. P. PETERS.

EAST NOTTINGHAM,
CHESTER Co., Pa.,
Dec. 30, 1887.

I hereby certify I have used the Powder, and find that it will do what it pretends, viz: the butter comes quicker, improved in appearance, and the butter milk is much improved. Butter made in twenty minutes.

ELIZABETH FITZGERALD.

\$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of over 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

SIDDALL'S

Magnetic Soap.

The Cheapest Soap that can be used for the following reasons:

- 1st.—One bar will go as far as two of any other.
- 2d.—Only half the usual rubbing being required, there is a saving of more than entire cost of the Soap in labor alone.
- 3d.—The clothes are made SWEET, CLEAN and WHITE without BOILING or SCALDING, thus all injury to them is avoided. There is a saving in fuel and hard work, and the washing is done in about half the usual time.

It is also guaranteed under a penalty of fifty dollars not to injure the clothes or hands, and as one trial will enable any person to ascertain the truth of these statements, it would never pay the proprietors to engage in an extensive system of advertising and claim such decided merit for his Soap unless he knew from positive experience that it would prove to be in every respect what is claimed for it.

This is also a superior Soap for Toilet and Shaving purposes.

Warner, Rhodes & Co.,

Wholesale Fancy Grocers, General Agents,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PEABODY HOUSE.

Corner of Locust and Ninth Streets.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Convenient to all places of amusement car lines in the city. No changes to and from the Centennial grounds.

Col. Watson, proprietor of the HENRY HOUSE, Cincinnati for the past twenty years, and present proprietor, has leased the house for a term of years, and has newly furnished and fitted it throughout. He will keep a strictly first-class house, and has accommodation for 300 guests. Terms only \$3 per day.

Col. Watson is a native of Virginia, and probably the only Hotel Proprietor in Philadelphia from the South.

James Watson,

PROPRIETOR.

CULLINGWORTH'S

ALPHABET CARDS.

70,000 sold in three years.

The cheapest and best adapted for the use of your relatives and friends on account of the convenient size and clear and elegant design.

In lots of not less than 100 single hand cards with your name on the back.

Price per 100 cards.....\$1.00
Both single and double-hand.

25 for......25
50 "......50
100 ".....1.00

Also the ONLY COMPLETE CENTENNIAL GUIDE MAP of the exhibition grounds with the principal buildings and their national divisions.

Map of the city of Philadelphia showing street-car lines and all places of interest. A great variety of information, useful to strangers, especially DEAF-MUTES. Price by Mail 50 cents.

WM. R. CULLINGWORTH,
Box 225,
Philadelphia, Pa.

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WHIPS, HARNESS, SADDLERY,
SATCHELS, POCKET BOOKS,
TRAVELLING BAGS,
SHAWL STRAPS,
&c., &c., &c.

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CORNER OF NINTH AND D STREETS N. W.

Have just received a fine assorted line of
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GOODS
For fall and winter, which they are pre-
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By all the most celebrated makers at VERY
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JEWELRY,

In every variety of the finest quality.

SILVER WARE,

Of the latest designs and most unique workmanship.

PLATED WARE,

New and elegant patterns of VERY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Clocks & Bronzes,

Fancy Goods, etc., designed for

Wedding Presents.**M. W. GALT, BRO., & CO.,**

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LADIES'

National Confectionery,

Dining and Ice-cream Saloon,

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Special attention to the wants of my patrons, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Please report immediately any inattention on the part of the waiters.

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Speech restored to Semi-mute, and
Congenital Mutes taught to speak plainly.
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